



Football Story



10 5 5

Chapter 1 by Gabbathehutt

Trent was sitting on the bench with a washcloth on his face. "You got hit pretty hard there Trent", Coach Mallone said. He didn't know it but I did. I had a concussion. I sat up and took a swig of water. Then I felt fuzzy, like something was wrapping my head in a wool blanket. Slowly the world faded into pitch darkness.

Chapter 2 by Gabbathehutt



I woke up and found out that Trent was sitting next to me. His head was black and blue from where I hit him head on. I knew that Coach Mallone was worried more for Trent since it was his son. I sat up with a jerk and pain rippled my body. "Woah there", Trent said "You took a bigger hit than me didn't ya." I almost laughed because of his Irish/Scottish accent. I looked up again and saw my mom standing on the right side of my bed. She had tears glistening in her eyes. Then something unexpected happened. I suddenly couldn't breath. "Mom", I said. Then I hit my head hard on the side of the hospital bed. I felt dizzy and the last thing I saw was my Mom's tearful face

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Again, when I woke up, Trent was hovering over me. This time, though, his strong forearms were holding me down.

"Can't have you fallin' over again, ya know?" he remarked. I smiled, weakly.

"Hev. is there anyone in this room besides us?"

"No."

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"Good," I smile, giving him a thumbs up. He nods, and then ducks, hitting my lips with such force that I can almost feel my concussion evert from my skull. I'm

surprised that he's been let out of his bed this early. I suppose that I really did get hit harder than him.

"I'm sorry," he whispers, settling my head back onto the pillow with his massive hands. "I should be more careful, yeah?"

"No need."

"You boys feeling alright?"

Coach strolls in, and though I know he's seen nothing, the blood drains from my face. He can never find out about us. But that's a story for another time, when my head isn't full of wool.

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